

for the work 'a funeral lamp beside an  
urn, and Dr.  
Stock in the act of placing an extinguisher  
on it\*. But  
both in this *Life* and in his own writings  
Beddoes seems  
possessed much more by a disinterested  
passion for good,  
\* and, it must be added, for novelty, than for  
notoriety. He  
was no fool, no mere crank. Many of the  
views he held—  
on war, on the age of the earth, on dress  
and education  
'and health—seem far from foolish now; and  
if his gases  
in general disappointed him as means of  
healing, medicine  
has, at all events, learnt since then to make  
abundant use  
of oxygen and nitrous oxide. With a less  
restless curiosity  
he might have succeeded better in life; but  
he might also  
have enjoyed himself less. Perhaps he has  
since found  
consolation among the shades, in the  
congenial and no less  
curious society of Anatomy Burton and Sir  
Thomas  
Browne.

To us he remains an interesting creature  
not only for his  
own sake, but for his son's. Heredity in  
biography is a  
snare; and there seems to have been little  
enough in  
common, externally, between the thick-set  
little doctor  
and his emaciated, mummy-like offspring.  
Certainly  
there was one vital difference: the lack of  
self-confidence  
and despondency about his work which  
attacked the  
father only at the end of his life, early beset  
and cramped  
his far more morbid son. But, apart from

that, there are striking resemblances. The same cold reserve masking strong feelings, the same hectic industry, the same oddity of mind are prominent in both. The founder of the Pneumatic Institution bequeathed much, both for better and for worse, to his son, the poet who was at the same time the most brilliant medical pupil Blumenbach had known in fifty years; a writer of revolutionary articles, hunted in turn from Bavaria, Zurich, Prussia, and Hanover; and a too versatile worker, perpetually starting and